

Marriage of Figaro.

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

COMPOSED BY

MOZART.



LIBRETTO.

AS PERFORMED BY

ENGLISH GRAND OPERA COMPANIES.

EDITED BY

GEO. W. TRYON, Jr.

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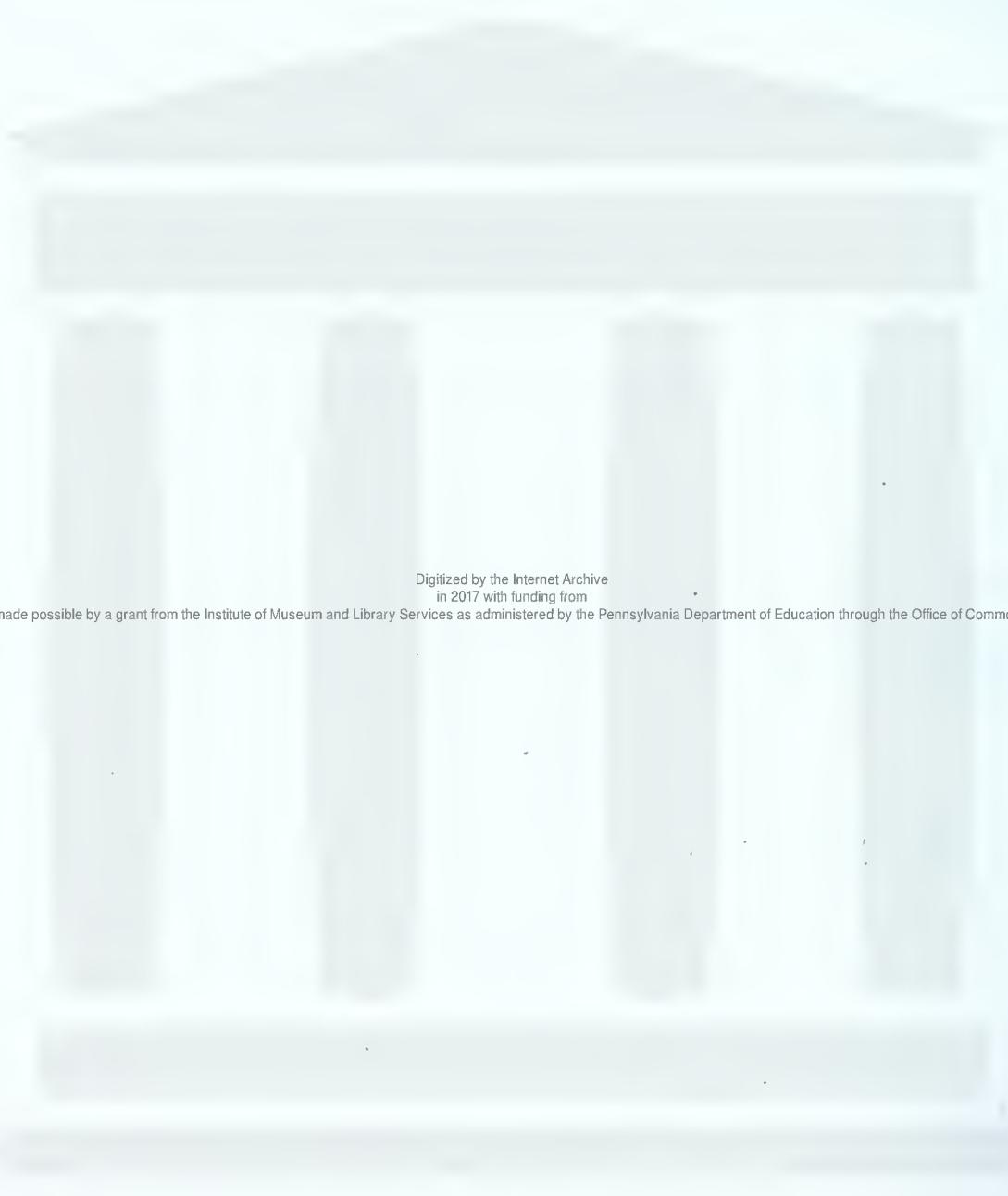
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PLOT OF THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.



THE principal characters in this Opera are the same as those that figure in Rossini's celebrated "Barber of Seville," but the action takes place at a subsequent period.

COUNT ALMAVIVA is living upon his estates with his newly-married COUNTESS. Their marriage has not proved altogether a happy one, as the Count, having a *penchant* for female beauty and coquetry, gives his lady just cause for jealousy, and is himself of very jealous disposition. FIGARO, an ex-barber, promoted to be major-domo to the Count, is engaged to be married to SUSANNA, the pretty waiting woman of the Countess; but, unfortunately, Figaro, at a very impecunious period of his life, had borrowed various sums of money of MARCELLINA, a rich old spinster, giving her a written engagement to marry her, in the event of failure to repay the loan by a certain period; and this date (forgotten entirely by Figaro) is actually that fixed for his nuptials with Susanna.

Marcellina is bent on matrimony, and, instigated by a friend, DR. BARTOLO, she resolves to insist upon the fulfilment of the bond. There is also in the Count's service one CHERUBINO, a saucy young page, always in love, who, as punishment for his wild pranks, is, at the commencement of our story, under orders to leave for the army.

Figaro, annoyed at his master's attentions towards Susanna, arranges with the Countess a plan to bring him to his senses. To this end, he sends the Count an anonymous letter, informing him that the Countess has made an appointment to meet somebody at a ball to be given that evening. Susanna is then to arrange an interview with the Count in the garden of the chateau, while Cherubino, kept back from the army secretly, for the purpose, is to personate Susanna, and the Countess is to surprise them in the midst of their tender conversation. Cherubino is dressing for his part in the Countess' boudoir, when they are interrupted by the untimely approach of the Count. The latter has his suspicion aroused by finding the door locked; and when it is opened to him by the Countess, he notices that she is confused, and recollects that he heard voices in the room. At this juncture, Cherubino upsets a chair in the Countess' room, whither he had retired, locked in by the Countess. The Count attempts to enter the room, but in vain; and the Countess, who insists that it is only Susanna within, refuses to unlock the door. Upon this, the Count, in a towering passion, goes for a crow-bar, taking his lady with him, to prevent her from releasing the prisoner in the interim. As soon as they have left the apartment, Susanna emerges from a closet, where she had hid herself, and releases Cherubino, who escapes by jumping from the window into the garden below. Susanna then takes the page's place in the Countess' chamber. Of course, the Count is ashamed of his apparently groundless jealousy when the door is opened finally, and Susanna appears.

At this juncture, Figaro appears, to conduct his betrothed to the wedding; and he is followed shortly by Marcellina, who produces her bond, and asks the Count to pass judgment on Figaro; but, in the course of the trial, it becomes apparent that the would-be bride is really the mother of Figaro!

It is evening, and the Countess and Susanna have repaired to the garden, each dressed to personate the other. Figaro is already there in hiding. Susanna also retires, leaving her mistress alone. And now, into the plot, enters an unexpected, disturbing element. Cherubino has made an appointment with BARBARINA, the gardener's daughter, on the same spot. Naturally mistaking the Countess for the Susanna she personates, he is in the act of kissing her, when the Count appears. The Countess now receives the Count's passionate declarations, intended for Susanna, but soon unmasks her husband's perfidious conduct in the presence of Figaro, Susanna, Cherubino and Barbarina. Peasantry, carrying torches, now arrive to attend the wedding festivities, and the Opera terminates with the reconciliation of the Count and his lady.

G. W. T., JR.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

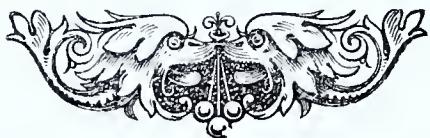
COUNT ALMAVIVA,	BARITONE.
THE COUNTESS, his Lady,	SOPRANO.
SUSANNA, Lady's Maid to the Countess,	SOPRANO.
FIGARO, Valet to the Countess,	BASS.
CHERUBINO, Page to the Count,	CONTRALTO.
DOCTOR BARTOLO,	BASS.
MARCELLINA, his Housekeeper,	SOPRANO.
BASILIO, Singing-Master to the Countess,	TENOR.
ANTONIO, Gardener to the Count,	BASS.
DON CURZIO, Counsellor-at-Law,	TENOR.
BARBARINA, Daughter of Antonio,	SOPRANO.

CHORUS.

Countrymen and Countrywomen, Servants, &c., &c.

SCENE.

THE CASTLE OF AGUAS FRESCAS—Three leagues from Seville.



MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

ACT FIRST.

A chamber in Count Almaviva's Castle.—FIGARO discovered measuring the room.—SUSANNA trimming a hat with flowers.

DUET.

FIGARO. Sixteen—Eighteen—Twenty—Thirty,
Six-and-Thirty by Forty-three.

SUSANNA. Flora bade her riches plenty,
Bloom a bridal wreath for me,
Do but look, my dearest Figaro :

Are the roses to your wishes ?

FIGARO. Every flower by gentle blushes,
Owns itself excelled in thee.

SUSANNA. There is given to lovers a heaven,

FIGARO. Where the soul, to one ecstasy subject,
Paints enchantment on every object ;
This, Susanna, that heaven must be.

SUSANNA, (*going up.*) What are you so busy measuring there, Figaro ?

FIGARO. I am trying, my charmer, if the beautiful bed, whieh his lordship has given us, will look well in this chamber.

SUSANNA. I don't like the room at all.

FIGARO. And why not, pray ?

SUSANNA. Beeause I don't.

FIGARO. You find fault with the most comfortable and convenient room in the Castle. Why it lies just between the apartments of the Count and Countess.

DUET.

FIGARO. At night you are ready
At hand to my lady,
Ding ! ding ! ding ! ding !
But a step, and you stand by her side.
His lordship desires me :
Dong ! dong ! dong ! dong !

SUSANNA. In the ghost of half no time I glide.
Some morning your lord, sir,

May send you abroad, sir,
Ding ! ding ! ding ! ding !
Just a ten-mile commission, or so .

Dong ! dong ! dong ! dong !

“This way,” points the Devil,
Then whispers him evil—

FIGARO. Susanna, hush ! hush !

SUSANNA. Nay, listen !

FIGARO. The equal—

SUSANNA. But hear now the sequel.
Discarding suspicion,

That author of wrong.

FIGARO. I trust then the sequel
This doubtful position

Will clear np e'er long.

FIGARO. What do you mean, Susanna ?

SUSANNA. You must listen patiently.

FIGARO. Good graeious, what is it ? I'm all of a fidget.

SUSANNA. I'll tell you what it is. His lordship, tired of ehasing all the pretty girls in the neighborhood, has determined to look at home, for the sake of variety. But it is not on his wife that he casts his eyes. No, no ! 'tis on thine, my little Figaro.

FIGARO. On you, Susanna ! I would like to see him, or any one, dare—

SUSANNA. So you thought, you silly fellow, that the dowry given me by the Count was in eompliment to your great merit, eh ?

FIGARO Ah ! it's all very fine to laugh ; but if one could only beat him at his own game, make a fool of him, pocket his money, and—

SUSANNA. That is the Countess' bell. She ordered me strictly to be the first to speak to her on my wedding morning. So, good-bye, Figaro. Think of some scheme.

FIGARO. Susanna, give me one little kiss, just to brighten my faculties.

SUSANNA. What, kiss a lover on my wedding-day ?
What would my husband say to-morrow ?

[Exit SUSANNA.

FIGARO. What a darling she is, always joyous, laughing and singing, but prudent. So, my lord, you would give her to me to keep her for yourself. I wondered why, after having appointed me house-steward, he was so ready to attaeh me to his embassy, and make me a courier with dispatches, long journeys, &c. I understand—three promotions at once—youself ambassador, me your break-neck courier, and Susanna a sort of ambassadress. But, thank fortune, I know your plans, and I'll lead you a pretty dance before I havé done with you.

SONG.

FIGARO.

Haply, your lordship
May be for dancing,
I to such prancing

Play the guitar;
Would you cut capers
Come to my teaching,
Soon, the aim reaching,
Perfect you are.
I will—but piano!
Openly! ah! no!
Dissimulation,
Courage and wit
Know no cessation.
Aid me to watch him,
Out of depth fetch him,
There let me catch him!
Then shall the biting one
Find himself bit.

[Exit FIGARO.]

[Enter BARTOLO and MARCELLINA.]

BARTOLO. Well, what's the matter? Why have you sent for me from Seville? Has the Count met with an accident?

MARCELLINA. No, doctor. I wish to consult you.

BARTOLO. Tut! tut! Figaro won't have you.

MARCELLINA. Don't discourage me, doctor. A breath of scandal will effect wonders; there's many a slip between the eup and the lip—and could I only persuade Susanna to offend the Count by spurning his advances, then his resentment, joined with this little paper, (*showing contract*), will soon bring Figaro to my feet—the villain who mocks at my affection, who seorns my love.

BARTOLO. And who stole my niece and money, many years ago; I'll never forgive him.

MARCELLINA. O doctor! what happiness!

BARTOLO. To punish a scoundrel?

MARCELLINA. To marry him, doctor, to marry him.

SONG.

BARTOLO.

Darling vengeance! Oh, darling vengeance!
Of thy glorious satisfaction,
To abate even a fraction,
Were a weakness I ne'er approve.
Great astuteness,
Deep acuteuess,
Faultless judgment, picked discretion,
I aver it, will make impression,
And at last victorious prove.
Every clause of the chapter I'll ferret out,
Index or article, I suck the merit out;
Law is equivocal,
So you may ever cull
Quibbles and mischief on ev'ry page:
Seville, be witness, I, Doctor Bartolo,
To punish Figaro, straightway engage.

[Exit BARTOLO.]

MARCELLINA, (*seeing SUSANNA enter, carrying a dress.*)

Ah! here comes my Figaro's precious sweetheart. I could scratch her eyes out. Oh! here comes that mischief-making old music-master, Don Basilio; let me get out of his way, at all events.

[Exit MARCELLINA.]

[Enter DON BASILIO.]

BASILIO'S SONG.

In the years, when calm reflection,
Fraught with practicable truth,
Sought to lay her cool direction
On the wayward fire of youth:
I, like others, worldly vicious,
For the aid of patience strove;
Who the fancies and whims capricious,
From my brain directly drove.
Toward a poor, neglected dwelling,
Once my daily path I wended,
From the rafters of the ceiling,
Skins of asses hung suspended.
Patience, reaching down the nearest,
"Take you this," she said, "oh, dearest!
'Tis a token of my love."
When she had left me,
I examined it in wonder,
Then heaven shook again
With booming thunder;
Mixed with the hurricane,
Hail rattled over;
I, from its fury,
Found me a cover,
'Neath that old ass-skin,
Lately my gain.
The tempest ended—
Homeward as I bore me,
Some beast came roaring forth,
Eager to tear me;
His savage anger
Proclaimed my danger;
Of aught defending me,
All hope were vain—
When the ignoble scent
Tainting my raiment,
So, by its rankness,
Sickened the claimant,
That to make off again,
He soon was fain.
Thus fate enlightened me
With best instruction,
How that deliverance
From outrage, destruction,
E'en with an ass's skin
We may obtain.

[Exit BASILIO.]

SUSANNA. Horrid old Trump! She thinks because she was the Countess' governess formerly, that she is to govern us all now; but she'll find herself mistaken.

[Throws dress across chair.]

[Enter CHERUBINO.]

CHERUBINO. Ah! here she comes. Susanna, I have been looking everywhere for you. (*Piteously.*) The Count is going to send me away; so, if the Countess does not intercede for me, I shall never see you more.

SUSANNA. See me! Much you care about seeing me! See the Countess, you mean, you little rascal!

CHERUBINO. Ah! how noble she is, how pretty, but how dignified! How happy you are to be able to see her, to converse with her. (*Sees the ribbon in SUSANNA's hand.*) Ah! what is that?

SUSANNA. The happy ribbon that binds at night the lovely tresses of the Countess.

CHERUBINO, (*snatching it.*) Oh, give it to me! I will never part with it but with life!

SUSANNA. And pray, what am I to tell my mistress?

CHERUBINO. Say it is lost—spoiled. Say anything you please.

SUSANNA. Well, upon my word! In two or three years, I predict, Master Cherubino, that you will be one of the completest good-for-nothings that ever—give me the ribbon, I say.

CHERUBINO, (*drawing a paper from his pocket.*) Here, instead of the ribbon, take this romance, composed by me, and read it to your mistress.

SONG.

CHERUBINO.

Though the spring wept on earth all her showers,
And the summer replied with her flowers;
Was delight incomplete in their bowers—
For a new world of pleasure I strove.
Oh, the mist from my eyelids is driven,
And a blush to my spirit is given,
Of an ecstasy rivalling heaven,
An enchantment that angels call "love."
Beauty around me gleaming,
Haunts me awake or dreaming;
I breathe my vow to mountain,
To shadow, herb and fountain,
When Echo hears me crying—
The sigh, the vain lamenting;
Mocking, she tells the grove,
Tis bliss to find a something—

SUSANNA. Silence! His lordship approaches. Should he perceive you!

[CHERUBINO conceals himself behind the large arm chair.]

[Enter COUNT.]

COUNT. Susanna, you appear agitated. What has happened? [Seats himself in chair.]

SUSANNA. My lord! excuse me; but, should any one surprise us. Pray, sir, leave me.

COUNT. In a moment; but hear me.

SUSANNA, (*aside.*) How shall I get rid of him?

COUNT. Hear me swear how I adore you. This evening, meet me in the garden when twilight falls.

BASILIO, (*within.*) He is not in his room, sir.

SUSANNA. O heaven!

COUNT. Let no one enter.

BASILIO, (*within.*) He may be with Madam; I'll go see.

COUNT. Where can I hide myself?

[COUNT tries to hide behind the chair—SUSANNA stands before him—CHERUBINO slips behind her into the chair—COUNT glides into CHERUBINO's place—SUSANNA throws dress over CHERUBINO.]

BASILIO. Susanna, *pax vobiscum*—have you seen the Count, this morning?

SUSANNA. No, indeed, sir; how should I see him? Go look for him somewhere else.

BASILIO. Yes! yes! but Figaro is seeking him also.

SUSANNA. Then, he seeks his greatest enemy, next to yourself.

COUNT, (*aside.*) See how she serves me.

BASILIO. Daughter, you are in error; love for the wife by all the rules of logie includes love for the husband also, and the Count loves you dearly.

SUSANNA. Away, base wretch, how dare you speak to me thus?

BASILIO. Be not angry. Every one to his taste. I thought you might prefer his lordship to a stripling page.

SUSANNA. Cherubino?

BASILIO. Aye! Cherubino! did I not see him this morning come to this room—but who was the pretty ballad for—you, or my lady?

SUSANNA, (*aside.*) Who could have told him?

BASILIO. By the way, you had better tell him to be cautious; his glanees at the Countess tell such tales, that if his lordship should perceive them—

SUSANNA. Vile slanderer!

BASILIO. Nay, I but repeat what all the world is saying.

COUNT, (*discovering himself.*) How? All the world! What does the world say?

TRIO.

COUNT. Hear I rightly? quickly tell me,
And I banish the culprit hence.

BASILIO. Pardon, signor, do not chasten
Inexperience, for slight offence.

SUSANNA, (*falling back as if about to faint.*)
This encounter may be ruin,
Anguish aims its keenest dart.

COUNT AND BASILIO, (*supporting SUSANNA.*)
Loose her vest, the zone undoing,
Ah! how beats now the panting heart?

BASILIO, (*he is about to place her in the chair.*)
Gently! gently! there, be seated.

SUSANNA, (*starting forward and repulsing him with dignity.*)
Where then am I?
Insolence! what mean you now?

BASILIO. Dost suppose we dare your honor?
Two are present to give you aid.

COUNT. Dost suppose we dare your honor?
Calm these tremors, my lovely maid.

BASILIO. I for the erring feel contrition,
(To the COUNT.) All my statement is mere suspicion.

SUSANNA. Out, perfidious! you never utter
Aught but slander, hate and lies.

COUNT. He departs, precocious fellow,
Scarce in blossom, yet half mellow.

SUSANNA AND BASILIO. Poor young fellow! poor young fellow!

COUNT, (*ironically.*)
Poor young fellow!
Yesterday these very eyes

SUSANNA. Caught him?
Where?

COUNT. Why, at your cousin's;
Bars and bolts forbade intrusion;
I knock—little Barbarina a rosebud of confusion,
Gave reluctantly admission;
I, suspecting her position,

[*Suiting the action to his words, he raises up the dress from the arm-chair and reveals the page.*]

Softly, gently raise the cover

From her table, and there discover—
Cherubino, here! little devil! [Astonished.]

SUSANNA, (*despairingly*.)

Now, proof seems ample.

BASILIO, (*with satisfaction*.)

Hal caught before her!

COUNT.

Honest, virtuous signora,

Plainly I perceive the truth!

SUSANNA.

Nought to day but turns up evil,

Fatal chance to trap the youth!

BASILIO.

From her sex she takes example,

They are all alike forsooth.

COUNT. So it was to meet my page that you were so anxious to be alone? And you, sir, it behoves you well to forget all respect for your godmother, and to dare to make love to her companion, the bride of your friend. But I will not permit Figaro, a man whom I esteem and love, to be the dupe of such treachery.

SUSANNA. There is no treachery in the matter. Cherubino was here while you were talking to me.

COUNT. A palpable falsehood.

SUSANNA. He came to beg me to intercede for him with the Countess. Your arrival frightened him, and he hid behind the chair.

COUNT. Diabolical falsehood. Why, I sat in it myself!

CHERUBINO. Alas! my lord, I was trembling behind it.

COUNT. Another deception,—I hid there.

CHERUBINO. Pardon, my lord, but at that moment I jumped into the chair as you left it.

COUNT. Ha! then you overheard our conversation.

CHERUBINO. Oh! sir, I did my best not to listen.

COUNT, (*to SUSANNA*.) Perfidious!

BASILIO. Some one is coming.

COUNT, (*Putting CHERUBINO out of chair*.) Stay there you urchin, and don't stir a step.

[Enter FIGARO carrying a white lace veil, appended to a wreath of white flowers; BARBARINA, Peasants and Village Girls.]

CHORUS.

Daintiest bowers,
Fair, blooming flowers,
Tribute their fragrant beauty
Unto his name,
Who, of all others,
Most hath respected
Earth's sacred blossom,
Fair woman's fame.
O Almaviva,
Heaven protected,
Loudest praise
We all render you!

COUNT. What is the meaning of all this?

FIGARO. Signor, it is merely your vassals, who wish to show their gratitude for your kindness in abolishing the ancient custom of vassalage, and allowing your people to choose their brides without interference; and we pray you to confirm your promise by crowning the bride with this virginal wreath.

COUNT, (*aside*.) Crafty fellow, deuce take him. (*ALOUD*.) With all my heart, my friends; but 'twill be better to perform the ceremony before a larger assemblage, and with a richer pomp, at the approaching nuptials. Go, my friends.

[*Exeunt, villagers singing chorus.*]

FIGARO, SUSANNA AND BARBARINA.

Hurra! hurra! hurra!

FIGARO, (*to CHERUBINO*.) Why don't you shout?

SUSANNA. The poor fellow is sad because my lord has dismissed him from the castle.

FIGARO. What, on such a happy day?

SUSANNA. On the day of our wedding.

FIGARO. When every one is praising your goodness.

CHERUBINO, (*kneels to the COUNT*.) Pardon, my gracious lord.

COUNT. You do not deserve it.

SUSANNA. He is only a boy.

COUNT. A very dangerous one.

CHERUBINO. I confess my fault, and promise I will never do so any more.

COUNT. Well, I forgive you, and what is more, I appoint you to a commission in my own regiment, now quartered in Catalonia. You must start this very day to join it.

FIGARO. To-day, my lord?

COUNT. 'Tis my will.

CHERUBINO. I obey.

COUNT. Now then, young man, embrace Susanna for the last time.

FIGARO. Why so, my lord? He will come here to see us on furlough. Good-bye, my boy. Embrace me.

SONG.

FIGARO.

Then away, for the bright vision closes;
In the garden where beauty reposes,
Culling nectar and bliss from her roses,
Young Adonis, no more may you roam:
As an insect one moment will hover,
Ev'ry bud you were fluttering over;
But adieu to the pastime of lover,
And the thousand enjoyments of home.
Now, the soldier's deep potations,
Big moustaches, and stinted rations.
"Shoulder muskets!" "ease!" "attention!"
Look ferocious, vast attention,
And for comfort, the olden story,
Lack of cash, but lots of glory.
Change the dance's merry marches,
For a tramp in miry marshes,
O'er the parching plain by sunbeam,
Through the mountain snow by moonbeam;
While the smoke in distance looming
Shows a briskish business coming,
With the cannon's frequent booming,
And the crack of whistling ball.
Go, my boy, where fame awaits ye—
Naught like glory, after all!

[*Exeunt omnes, a la militaire.*]

ACT SECOND.

Ante-chamber in the Castle.

SONG.

COUNTESS.

Couldst thou love, one hope restore me
Calm'd were sorrow, and lull'd my sigh ;
Teach a spouse the faith he swore me,
Or an outcast heart to die !

[Enter SUSANNA.]

COUNTESS, (to SUSANNA.) Shut the door, Susanna, and relate all that has occurred.

SUSANNA. I have concealed nothing, madam.

COUNTESS. So he tried to make love to you. Inconstant man, to use me thus ! (Knocks outside.) Ah ! some one knocks.

SUSANNA. 'Tis my Figaro. Come in, Figaro ; my lady is impatient to see you.

[Enter FIGARO.]

FIGARO. And you, my dear Susanna ! But don't be impatient, 'tis only a little vexation. My lord thinks my wife handsome, and wishes to make love to her. Very natural. And, because she repulses him, he favors the designs of Marcellina. To avenge himself on those who obstruct his projects by opposing theirs, is the most natural thing in the world.

COUNTESS. How can you treat so lightly an affair which costs us so much unhappiness ?

SUSANNA. Instead of grieving with us.

FIGARO. Better to help you. First, in order to cool his desire for our property, let us make him uneasy for his own.

COUNTESS. Very good ; but how ?

FIGARO. This is my project : I sent the Count an anonymous letter by Basilio, advising him of an assignation made by you, (to the COUNTESS,) to take place during the ball this evening. On my part, I will acquaint the Count that you (to SUSANNA) await him in the garden at nightfall, and Cherubino shall be there, disguised in girl's clothes, in your place. Thus his lordship, caught in the fact, will be cured of his tricks.

SUSANNA. If anything can cure him.

FIGARO. The Count is out hunting. I will send Cherubino hither for you to dress him.

COUNTESS. What next ?

FIGARO, (sings.) Haply his lordship may be for dancing ; I to his prancing will play the guitar.

[Enter CHERUBINO.]

SUSANNA. Ah ! Cherubino, little hypocrite ! Come,

my pretty little bird, sing for my lady—sing your romance.

COUNTESS, (opening paper.) What is the author's name ?

SUSANNA. Those blushes proclaim it plainly.

CHERUBINO. May one not—cherish—a—modest—

SUSANNA. Be quiet, good-for-nothing, or I'll tell everything.

COUNTESS. Take the guitar, Susanna, and accompany him.

SONG.

CHERUBINO.

Thought cannot reach thee,
Fancy not dream ;
Love ! what can teach thee,
Bright, holy theme ?
Blossoms are lying
Pillow'd in bliss,
Zephyr that, sighing,
Stealeth to kiss.
While they were sleeping,
Night had them woo'd,
For, with their weeping,
They are bedew'd :
Night soon hath vanish'd,
Zephyr is hush'd ;
Dew, be thou banish'd,
Morning hath blush'd !
Light shows their blooming,
Eloquent love,
Grateful perfuming,
Means they approve.
Thus should affection,
With early tears,
Sigh its selection
'Mid trembling tears ;
Cast off the sadness !
Woo by a smile !
Earth's ev'ry gladness
Then shall beguile.
Sought I to teach thee,
Magical theme ?
Love ! nought can reach thee,
Save thine own dream.

COUNTESS. It is very pretty—full of sentiment.

SUSANNA, (placing guitar on chair.) Oh ! as for sentiment, this young man has plenty of that. Come, Mr. Officer, let me see if this dress will fit you. Come, off with your cloak.

COUNTESS. If any one should come in !

SUSANNA. Well, what harm are we doing ? I'll shut the door—but I want a head-dress.

COUNTESS. You will find one on my toilet. (SUSANNA enters the cabinet.) What is this paper ?

CHERUBINO. My commission.

COUNTESS. They lose no time.

CHERUBINO. Basilio has just given it to me.

COUNTESS. In their hurry, they forgot to seal it.

SUSANNA, (*entering.*) Seal what?

COUNTESS. His commission.

SUSANNA. Here is the head-dress.

COUNTESS. Make haste, for fear the Count should return and catch him here.

[SUSANNA dresses CHERUBINO in female costume.]

SUSANNA'S SONG.

I beg you will be quieter,
Remaining "status quo;"
Come, child, you need not sigh at her—
Bravo! exactly so.
Your face a trifle to the left;
Now, look at me, young man—
A little more—nay, are you daft?
Madame, you must not scan.
The neck still higher holding,
Subdue that eye so daring,
Your arms demurely folding,
A modest maiden bearing—
Just let me see you try.
Around his lips there glances
A pouting rich expression,
Soliciting advances,
To test its sweet impression.
The thousand girls that dote on him
Have truly reason why.

SUSANNA. There! (*Taking CHERUBINO by the chin.*) What would you give to look always as pretty as that?

COUNTESS. Silly girl; turn up his sleeve a little. (*SUSANNA turns up sleeve.*) What is that on his arm?—a ribbon?

SUSANNA. Yes; and one of yours.

COUNTESS. There is blood on it. (*Takes off ribbon.*)

CHERUBINO. This morning, when about to start on my journey, I was arranging the bridle of my horse, he threw up his head suddenly, and the bit has scratched my arm.

COUNTESS. A ribbon is not good for the wound.

SUSANNA. And above all, a stolen ribbon.

COUNTESS. Go, and get me some court plaster; you will find it on my toilet-table. (*SUSANNA enters cabinet.*) As for my ribbon, sir, as the color was very becoming to me, I was extremely angry at having lost it.

SUSANNA, (*entering.*) Here is the court plaster, but we want a bandage.

COUNTESS. You can fetch another ribbon.

[SUSANNA exits, carrying off CHERUBINO's cloak.]

CHERUBINO. That which you have taken from me would have cured me in less than no time.

COUNTESS. How so? this is much better.

CHERUBINO, (*hesitating.*) When the ribbon has bound the head or touched the skin of a—

COUNTESS, (*interrupting.*) A stranger, it becomes good for a wound. I was ignorant of that fact in medicine. To make a trial, I will keep this ribbon

which has bound your arm, and try it on the first one of my servants who may chance to get a scratch.

CHERUBINO. You keep it, and I—I go away.

COUNTESS. But not forever.

CHERUBINO. I am so unhappy.

COUNTESS. He weeps, poor boy! It is all that ill-natured Figaro's fault.

CHERUBINO. Ah! I wish the moment he predicted were come. Perhaps, when sure of immediate death, I might dare.

COUNTESS, (*drying his eyes with her handkerchief.*)

Silence! silence, child! (COUNT knocks outside.)

Who is there?

COUNT, (*outside.*) Why are you locked up?

COUNTESS. 'Tis my husband! Good heavens! (To CHERUBINO, who has risen.) You here alone with me—this air of disorder—the billet he has received—his jealousy—

COUNT. Why do you not open?

CHERUBINO. After the scenes of yesterday and this morning, he will surely kill me.

[Runs into cabinet, and shuts door.]

COUNTESS, (*takes out key of cabinet, and opens for COUNT.*) Ah! what have I done?

COUNT, (*entering.*) You are not in the habit of shutting yourself up thus.

COUNTESS. I was—I was—yes, I was working with Susanna; she has just run to her room.

COUNT. The fact is, I have been brought back by inquietude. As I was mounting my horse, a billet was handed me, (although I do not put any faith in it,) that has agitated me.

COUNTESS. How, sir? what billet?

COUNT. I am told that a person whom I deemed absent is seeking to converse with you this day.

COUNTESS. Whoever this impudent may be, he must penetrate to my chamber, for I do not intend to quit it to-day.

COUNT, (CHERUBINO throws down a chain in cabinet.) Ah! what noise is that?

COUNTESS. Probably, Susanna is looking for something.

COUNT. You told me that she had gone to her room.

COUNTESS. This girl seems to occupy your mind much more than I do.

COUNT. She occupies it so much, madam, that I wish to see her this instant.

COUNTESS. I believe, indeed, that you wish to see her very often. But these suspicions are unfounded.

[SUSANNA enters at back with clothes, and shuts the door.]

COUNT. They will be the easier to destroy. Susanna, come out, I command you.

[SUSANNA stops near the door at back.]

COUNTESS. She is trying on some wedding-dresses which I have given her, and ran away when she heard you coming.

COUNT. If she is afraid to be seen, at least she can speak. Answer, Susanna, are you in the cabinet?

[SUSANNA hides in alcove.]

TRIO.

COUNT, (at the door of cabinet.)

Susanna, let your appearance
Release my mind from doubt.

COUNTESS, (calling aloud to SUSANNA, whom they suppose to be in the cabinet.) Remain within!

Forbear, she cannot now come out.

SUSANNA, (aside, putting her head out between the curtains.)

The page achieved a clearance.

Then, what are they about?

COUNT, (to SUSANNA, as if in cabinet.) Your reason for delaying—quick?

COUNTESS. Her reason! woman's shame!
Undressed, a robe essaying,

She fled there when you came.

COUNT. By this evasive playing,
Wouldst screen thy perilled fame?

COUNTESS. Brutality betraying!

SUSANNA. I thwart your unjust aim.

COUNT. The way the wind is laying,

But helps him scent the game.

COUNT. Tell me which room conceals you;

A further proof I seek not.

COUNTESS, (still feigning SUSANNA to be inside.)
The merest breath reveals you;
'Tis my command, then, speak not.

SUSANNA, (aside.)
Oh, heaven! a pretty hobble,
Which scandal, most disorderly,

Will quicken into flame.

COUNT. Madam, my fears redouble—
A scandal so disorderly,

Let's shun in heaven's name.

COUNTESS. Susanna, don't answer. (To COUNT.)
Was ever such tyranny?

COUNT. Well, since she will not speak, I will see her.

COUNTESS. Sir, I trust you will remember where you are.

COUNT. I know it is useless to ask you for the key. I shall go and fetch some tools to break open the door. (Going, but returns.) In order that everything may remain as at present, do me the favor to accompany me.

COUNTESS. Ah, sir! who thinks of disobeying you?

COUNT. Ah! I forgot this door which leads to your women's apartments; I must lock it also, that you may be fully justified. [Locks it, and takes key.]

COUNTESS. Heavens! what a position!

COUNT. Now, Madam, accept my arm, I beg you; and as for Susanna in the cabinet, she must wait our return.

[Exeunt.]

DUET.

SUSANNA AND CHERUBINO.

SUSANNA. Unfasten, oh, unfasten!
Unfasten! 'tis Susanna!

Away now! more than hasten!

'Twere tardy, if you flew.
To 'scape this dreaded predicament,

Afford some friendly clue.
Nor chink, nor cranny open,

What can you do?

Nor chink, nor cranny open,
What can I do?

How shall my flight be covered?

Sure death, if you're discovered!

CHERUBINO, (looking out of window.)

"Twould merely break a flower,
And soil my new merino.

SUSANNA. Be careful, Cherubino,

Nor leap beyond your pow'r;
'Tis thirty feet or so.

CHERUBINO. Sooner than cause her evil,
Why I'd plunge to face the devil.

Oue pledge of thy affection,
Susanna, adieu, adieu!

[CHERUBINO jumps out of window.]

SUSANNA. Kind heaven, oh yield protection!
Like lightning down he flew.

He is far away already. But I must take his place.
Now, my lord, not one word do you get from me.

[Enter COUNT and COUNTESS.]

COUNT. All is as I left it. Now Madam once more will you open that door.

COUNTESS. Yes, yes, but hear me. It was simply an innocent joke we were rehearsing for this evening, and I swear—

COUNT. Well, what do you swear?

COUNTESS. That neither he nor I had the least idea of offending you.

COUNT. He! but is a man there!

COUNTESS. A child, my lord.

COUNT. Who?

COUNTESS. I am afraid to name him.

COUNT. Who was it, I say?

COUNTESS. The young Cherubino.

COUNT. Cherubino! Now I understand the billet.

FINALE.

Forth at once! no more dissemble,
Wretch, confess how vile thou art.

COUNTESS. Sir, this anger bids me tremble
For his young and guileless heart.

CHERUBINO. 'Tis my will, then dar'st thou do it.
Hear our project.

COUNT. Quick, declare it!
For a girl the page was robbing.

COUNTESS. All thy sinful purpose probing,
By revenge its aim I thwart.

COUNT. Neither sense nor justice warrant
So much outrage on your part.

COUNT. Give the key here.
COUNTESS. Know one so young then

COUNT. Innocent and—

COUNTESS. Stay thy tongue then!
Shun the spouse thou hast degraded;

COUNT. Infamy in which you've traded
Wreaks anon a serpent's smart.

COUNTESS. Shun him—yes—but—

COUNT. Cease I pray thee.
COUNTESS. I am guiltless.

COUNT. Those looks betray thee.
Vengeance poises o'er my quarry,
Soon to hurl its keenest dart.
COUNTESS. Ah, his blindly jealous fury
Doth to rage new rage impart!
COUNT AND COUNTESS. Susanna!

[Enter SUSANNA.]

SUSANNA. Your Lordship
May deem it a hardship,
No page for the killing;
But I am most willing,
If killing content you,
To wait and be slain.
COUNTESS, (aside.) What thought has possess'd her?
Susanna, 'tis plain!
COUNT, (aside.) By schooling I'll test her.
But steady my brain.
SUSANNA, (aside.) Confus'd they at best are,
And stagger'd a main.
COUNT. Alone too?
SUSANNA. To ease you.
That room might retain—
COUNT. I'll prove it so please you,
If there he remain.

[He enters the cabinet.]

COUNTESS. Such accents, such glances,
Have perill'd my senscs.
SUSANNA. Thy fears are mere fancies,
The boy is off clean.
COUNT, (returns.) My error is ended!
I scarce can believ'e it;
And dread I've offended
Too deep to retrieve it;
'Twas not so intended.
A high pitch of cruelty
Such jokes do attain.

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS. The wound is not mended
To hope it were vain.

COUNT, (to COUNTESS.) I love thee.

COUNTESS. Absurd, sir!

COUNT. I swear it.

COUNTESS. Mere words sir!

My infamies merit
A different manner.

COUNT. Her anger, Susanna,
Assist me to calm.

SUSANNA, (to COUNT.) 'Neath tyranny's banner
You fought to your harm.

COUNTESS. I rear'd in my bosom
A pure loving spirit,
You've broken the blossom,
And scatter'd its balm.

COUNT. Her anger, Susanna,
Assist me to calm.

SUSANNA. My Lady!

Rosina!
To win her

By feigned affection,
Dost sue now the object
Of scornful rejection,
Whose woes ne'er could subiect
Thy conscience to qualm?

SUSANNA. Repentant, and really
Serv'd somewhat severely,
Believe him this once.

COUNTESS. The tortures inflicted,
On one so neglected,
Crave other response.
Your tale of that stripling—
Just shows what provokes you.
Your tremor so palpable—
Was put on to hoax you.
That letter so barbarous—

COUNTESS AND SUSANNA. 'Twas Figaro who wrote it
For Basil to deliver.
COUNT. Ah wretches, well I note it!
SUSANNA AND COUNTESS.

To pardon a giver
Of pardon were just.
COUNT. Well hinted; the peace is
Allowed, if it pleases;
Rosina is inflexible
No lounger I trust.
COUNTESS. Our anger, Susanna,
At best seemeth feeble,
For man's cunning quibble
Resolves it to dust.
SUSANNA. Dear lady, pray use him
As suiteth your manner;
Or coax, or abuse him,
Accede then he must.
COUNT. But look on me.

COUNTESS. Ungrateful!
COUNT. I'll wrong you, never, never!
SUSANNA AND COUNTESS.

Oh, may he forever
Hold jealousy hateful
In utter disgust!

[Enter FIGARO.]

FIGARO. Signore before ye
There's music in glory,
The trumpets are braying,
The fifers are playing;
'Midst bells all a-ringing
And villagers singing,
We'll lie then,
We'll fly then

COUNT. At once to the priest:
They're quite in a hurry,
But gently, less flurry;
Meantime of much worry
Come rid me at least.

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS. Oho, sir!
This poser
Your talent will test.
COUNT. Provoking,
Revoking,
I'll trump him at last.
This direction, Signor Figaro,
You may happen p'raps to know?

FIGARO. Truly no, sir.
SUSANNA AND COUNTESS. Truly no, sir?

COUNT. Truly no, sir?

FIGARO. No! no! no!
SUSANNA. But you gave it to Basilio?

COUNT. To deliver—
You are slow, sir.

SUSANNA. Yes, very slow.
Have you heard no declaration,
Of a secret assignation?

COUNT. Do you take yet?
FIGARO. Not I, I trow.

COUNT. Strive in vain to coui excuse, sir
For a blush, that true accuser,

FIGARO. Spite thy brazen cheek, appears.
SUSANNA AND COUNTESS. Blushes bloom but to deceive us.

COUNT. To the point! no riddle weave us,
There to drag us in, and leave us

SUSANNA. Victims to your gibes and jeers.
Do you answer?

FIGARO. Not directly.

COUNT. You confess, then?
FIGARO. No confession.

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS. Put your audience in possession,
Whether the denouement nears.

FIGARO. Let us end, then, quite correctly,

For in plays at all dramatic,
By a law that's most emphatic,
Ev'ry doubt a wedding clears.

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS.
To the gen'rous side a leaner,
Grant our wish and still our fears.
COUNT. Marcellina! Marcellina!
Oh, how tardy she appears.

[Enter ANTONIO.]

ANTONIO. Ah, signor! signor!

COUNT. Well, the matter?

ANTONIO. They that did it, their doing shall rue.
SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO AND COUNT.

Tell us plainly the cause of this clatter.

ANTONIO. Pray ye, listen.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO AND COUNT.

But what did they do?

ANTONIO. From that window, down into the garden,
Some fresh rubbish all day they're discarding;
And just now, without asking my pardon,
A young man, neck and crop, out they threw.

COUNT. From that window?

ANTONIO. Aye; look at these gilliflow'r's.

COUNT. To the garden?

ANTONIO. Yes!

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS. Figaro, be alert now.

COUNT. Hear I rightly?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS AND FIGARO.

New snares to avert now!

FIGARO. To annoy us this sot has no right.

COUNT. If a man, tell me where did he get to?

ANTONIO. Such a pace, sir, his nimbleness did set to,
In a twinkling, he shot out of sight.

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS, (aside.)

That the page did.

FIGARO. Lo! sharp's the word, then;
Ah! ah! ah! ah!

COUNT. Silence, there!

ANTONIO. Have you heard, then—

FIGARO. You are tipsy from morning till night.

COUNT. Just repeat to me: he sprang from that window—

ANTONIO. From that window.

COUNT. On your plants, sir.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS AND FIGARO.

'Tis the drink in him prompting the answer.

COUNT. Did you notice the face of this genius?

ANTONIO. No, oh no, sir!

COUNT. Sure?

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS.

Be quick, Figaro; save us!

FIGARO. For such fools as yourself would you have us?
Stop your noise, stupid booby, when bidden,
Since the fact can no longer be hidden;
'Twas I jumped, and so chanced to alight.

COUNT AND ANTONIO.

Who? yourself, man?

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS. How very ingenious!

COUNT. Your aim I can't figure.

ANTONIO. Since the leap, you have surely grown bigger;
He I saw was less tall and more slight.

FIGARO. When I jump, up I roll pretty tight.

ANTONIO. Who'd have thought it?

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS.

Why insist on't? You're mad, sir.

ANTONIO. But he seemed such a lad, sir,

COUNT. Cherubino?

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS. Curse the question!

FIGARO. Aye, of course, back;

Why, he set out for Seville on horseback,
And has not been there since nine, I can tell.

ANTONIO. No, no, no! You mistake me; they never

Chucked a horse out of window as well.

COUNT. Now, my patience is something quite clever.

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS.

How 'twill end, heaven only can tell.

COUNT. Then, 'twas you—

FIGARO. Took the leap.

COUNT. For what cause?

FIGARO. Why, thro' fear.

COUNT. Through what fear?

FIGARO. There, I hidden

Was awaiting her, (*pointing to SUSANNA*) free from
intrusion;

When, *tip, tap!* thinking, then, in confusion,

On your anger and what I had written;

Out I sprang, sprained my foot by concussion,
And decamped without daring to pause.

ANTONIO. 'Scaping loose from your pocket, down floated
All these letters.

COUNT. Oho! give them to me.

FIGARO. So, I'm trapped at last.

COUNT. Say at once, what may this paper be?

FIGARO. Having many, I'm rather in a doubt now.

ANTONIO. Is't a score of debts, or of creditors?

FIOARO. No, this list of invited.

COUNT. Speak out, now.

You, too, let him be.

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS. Let him be and vanish.

ANTONIO. All suspicion, on my part, I banish.

FIOARO. We've enough, for one morning, of thee.

[Exit ANTONIO.]

COUNT. Well, sir?

COUNTESS. The page's commission, I swear it!

SUSANNA. Gracious me! (*Aside to FIGARO*.) The commission,
Declare it!

FIGARO. What a mem'ry! how lucky I've found you—
For at parting, he left it with me.

COUNT. For what purpose?

FIGARO. It wanted—

COUNT. It wanted—

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS, (*whispering*.)

Wanted sealing.

COUNT. Come, answer!

FIGARO. 'Tis the custom—

COUNT. Be quick, and confound ye!

FIGARO. 'Tis the custom to seal them when written.

COUNT. By this rascal, at last, am I beateu;

Ev'rything is against me, I see.

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS.

If this tempest I safely can weather,

No more sailing, in future, for me.

FIGARO. 'Twixt the stamping and raving together,

Nicely addled his senses must be.

[Enter MARCELLINA, BASILIO and BARTOLO.]

MARCELLINA, BASILIO, AND BARTOLO.

Granting this our suit a hearing,

Prove, my lord, how just you are.

COUNT. Through her cause will I straight assert me,

And to their projects now place a bar.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS AND FIGARO.

They are to disconcert me,

Purposely our plan to mar.

FIGARO. These are three egregious asses,

Such assurance goes too far.

COUNT. Ere the law her judgment passes,

Ev'ry case is on a par.

MARCELLINA, (*pointing to FIGARO*.)

'Gainst that man I file an action,

On a breach of promise bearing,

And demand due satisfaction:

Justice shall decide the war.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS AND FIGARO.

What's this?

COUNT. Be still; I judge them,

When conflicting int'rests jar.

BARTOLO. Slightest thoughts of favor grudge them,

To the faithless, mean defendant:

In legitimate ascendant,

Let our side win Triumph's car.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS AND FIGARO.

'Tis too bad, sir.

BASILIO. I, in worldly ways, well cognizant,
Come to proffer testimonial
Of a promise matrimonial,
Which defendant hath professed.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS AND FIGARO.

All three mad, sir !

COUNT. 'Tis mine, that question to discover

When I scan the contract over;

Truth shall stand my only test

COUNTESS, SUSANNA AND FIGARO.

'Tis confusion worse confounded,

Desperate, we are surrounded;

Sure, some devil, donbly vicious,

To undo us doth his best.

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

COUNT, (*discovered walking to and fro.*) What perplexities beset me ! I know not what to think ; is it possible that my wife could—no, no ! her self-respect would never permit her. Ah ! here comes Susanna.

SUSANNA, (*entering, hears him.*) My lord !

COUNT. What's the matter ?

SUSANNA. Madam is suffering from the vapors, my lord, and I came to ask you for a smelling-bottle.

COUNT, (*gives bottle.*) Here, take it.

SUSANNA. I'll return it directly.

COUNT. 'Tis yours, you may require it yourself sometimes.

SUSANNA, Oh ! no, my lord ; I have no time for such aristocratic disorders.

COUNT. A damsel who may perhaps lose her husband on the wedding-day.

SUSANNA. Oh ! that's impossible, by giving up to Marcellina the dowery you promised me.

COUNT. Which I promised you ! How so ?

SUSANNA, (*bashfully.*) Did you not tell me so ?

COUNT. Yes, if—

SUSANNA. If what, sir ?

DUET.

COUNT. Unkind, why then endeavor
Thus to prolong distress ?

SUSANNA. Signor, the lip hath ever
Time to murmur "yes."

COUNT. Wilt in the grove receive me ?

SUSANNA. To please you I will go.

COUNT. Promise, you'll not deceive me.

SUSANNA. Deceive you, sir ! Oh, no !

COUNT. How brightly expectation
Glowes in my joyful breast !

SUSANNA. The truly great temptation

Seems to allow the jest.

SUSANNA. Some one comes. [COUNT retires.]

[Enter FIGARO.]

FIGARO. Ah ! Susanna, where are you going so quickly ?

SUSANNA. Hold your tongue, I have just gained your law-suit for you.

FIGARO. But tell me.

[COUNT, *re-enters.*]

RECITATIVE AND ARIA.

COUNT.

You have gained his law-suit.
Heard I rightly ? Traitors both, I purpose
Thus to punish your daring.
The sentence shall be as my humor
Decrees. Were it in his power
Ever to pay the plaintiff—to pay her—
And with what money ? Then there's
Antonio, who to the orphan Figaro
Refused his nieee Susanna's hand in
Lawful marriage. In the field of
Intrigue all must be eultivated,
Even the pride of a sot. He is cheekmated.

ARIA.

Shall I behold a treasure
Whose smile was more than pleasure,
And yet neglect one measure
That can obtain the prize ?
While o'er the brd I ponder
Entranced in pleasing wonder
Shall rival hands steal under
To bear it from mine eyes !
Ah ! nor my wrath too graeious
Allowed itself to languish,
'Tis not for the audacious
To cause me so much anguish.
With vile intent to ridicule
By their unhappy fate,
Prospeet of speedy measured
Vengeanee he well doth merit,
Assures my yearning spirit
With hope and joy elate.

[Enter MARCELLINA, CURZIO, BARTOLO and FIGARO.]

CURZIO. Thus the Court decides, he must pay her or marry her.

FIGARO. I'll appeal to his lordship.

COUNT. The sentence is just, to pay or to wed.
Bravo, Don Curzio !

CURZIO. Thank your Excellency.

BARTOLO. A glorious judgment.

FIGARO. I won't marry her ; that's flat.

BARTOLO. You *must* marry her ; that's flatter.

CURZIO. Marry or pay. The claim is two thousand golden piasters.

[Exeunt.]

FIGARO. I am a gentleman, and I cannot wed without the consent of my noble parents.

BARTOLO. Who are your parents?

FIGARO. Give me a little time, and no doubt I shall soon find them. I have been seeking them now for fifteen years.

BARTOLO. Why, he is a foundling, then.

FIGARO. No, Doctor; a poor infant cruelly stolen from his heart-broken and illustrious parents.

COUNT. Stolen! What say you? The proof!

FIGARO. My lord, if the cases and jewels found on me by the robbers were not a sufficient proof of my noble birth, at least the care with which a private mark has been indelibly impressed on my arm shows how precious I was to my parents.

MARCELLINA. A spatula on your right arm?

FIGARO. How do you know that?

MARCELLINA. Heavens! 'tis he!

BARTOLO. He—who's he?

MARCELLINA. 'Tis he! 'tis our Rafaelo!

BARTOLO. You were carried off by gipsies, you say?

FIGARO. Quite close to a castle. Good doctor, restore me to my noble and sorrowing parents, and name your own reward; a few thousand gold-pieces will but feebly express their gratitude.

BARTOLO, (pointing to MARCELLINA.) Behold your mother!

FIGARO. Nurse, you mean.

BARTOLO. No, your mother.

FIGARO. Explain yourself.

MARCELLINA, (pointing to BARTOLO.) Behold your father!

FIGARO, (in despair.) O Lord! O Lord!

MARCELLINA. Has not nature said it to you a thousand times?

FIGARO. Never! [Exit omnes.]

[Enter the COUNTESS.]

COUNTESS.

And Susanna not come!
I am anxious to be told if his lordship
Approves the proposition; 'tis fraught with danger,
E'en to pass such a jest upon a husband
With a temper worse than jealous.
But yet, what harm? simply personating
My own maid, Susanna, and then to venture,
By the favoring twilight—O heaven!
To cope with this coldest conclusion,
How am I humbled in my prospects of love!
The thousand honied lies that languish'd upon his per-
juring lip
Shew more inconsistent than sunbeams.
First an idol—then so treated, I loathe existenee;
Forced from my own servant to seek assistance!
Hope had never more brightly flutter'd,
Clad in colors of heaven above;
Purer musie no angel utter'd
Than the language of his love.
'Twas a false sun, whose reflection
Blush'd on my confiding tears,

'Twas a Syren, whose perfection
Sung Elysium in mine ears.
Still that perish'd rainbow lingers,
Mem'ried on thro' years of pain;
Though long silent the minstrel fingers;
Still my heart repeats their strain.

[Enter SUSANNA.]

COUNTESS. Well, what said the Count?

SUSANNA. He was the picture of rage and vexation.

COUNTESS. My present plan will entrap him, and prove his folly to himself. What place have you appointed?

SUSANNA. The garden, my lady.

COUNTESS. Let's unite, and fix the spot now; while, as I tell you, the blame shall be mine. Now then, (dictating,) "Canzonet to the Zephyr."

DUET.

SUSANNA, (writing.)	The Zephyr,
COUNTESS.	When its quiet music sigheth,
SUSANNA.	Musie sigheth,
COUNTESS.	As the hues of evening blend;
SUSANNA.	As the hues of evening blend;
COUNTESS.	Where the linden shadoweth,
Both.	He the rest will comprehend.

SUSANNA, (folding note.) How are we to seal it?

COUNTESS. Here is a pin; fasten it with that. On the back, "Send the seal to the writer." Some one comes—quick—hide it.

[Enter CHERUBINO, dressed as a girl; BARBARINA and female VILLAGERS to give bouquets to COUNTESS.]

CHORUS.

Take with best of maiden wishes,
Freshest roses from the grove;
They express in fragrant blushes
All the pureness of our love.
Golden gifts we cannot proffer;
May your gentle kindness suffer
That the little we can offer,
At your hand accepted prove.

BARBARINA. My lady, these are the girls of the village, who come to present these flowers as a token of respect.

COUNTESS. I thank them for their kind attention. But who's that? (Pointing to CHERUBINO.) Charming, pretty girl.

BARBARINA. One of my cousins, my lady, who arrived yesterday to attend the wedding.

COUNTESS. Let us welcome the pretty stranger. Come, my dear, give us your bouquet. (Kisses CHERUBINO on forehead.) How she blushes! Susanna, don't you see a remarkable likeness?

SUSANNA. Extraordinary!

[Enter COUNT and ANTONIO. ANTONIO pulls CHERUBINO from among the girls, takes off his hat, and puts officer's cap on his head.]

ANTONIO. See! here is your valiant soldier.

COUNTESS. O heaven!

SUSANNA. The young rascal!

ANTONIO. I told you he was here.

COUNT. Well, madam?

COUNTESS. Well, sir? I am more surprised and annoyed than you can be.

COUNT. But, this morning—

COUNTESS. I should be guilty, indeed, if I allowed this dissimulation to go any further. 'Tis true Cherubino was with me; we planned the joke which these children have played. You surprised us dressing him. You are so hasty, that he fled; I was troubled, and a general panic ensued.

COUNT, (to CHERUBINO.) Why did ye not depart?

CHERUBINO, (*takes off his hat quickly.*) My lord!

COUNT. I will punish his disobedience. Go, sir, and change your dress at once, and do not let me see you anywhere this evening.

COUNTESS. Poor fellow! he will be so miserable.

CHERUBINO. Miserable! No; I bear that on my forehead worth twenty years of prison.

COUNT. What has he got on his forehead?

COUNTESS. His soldier's cap, I suppose. Anything will serve for a joy for such a child.

[Enter FIGARO.]

FIGARO. My lord, if you detain, the fete will be spoiled. Come, girls, to the dance.

COUNT. I thought you had sprained your ankle, and could not dance.

FIGARO, (*rubbing leg.*) I suffer a little, but don't mind it. Come, girls, come along.

COUNT. It was fortunate for you that the flower-beds were soft.

FIGARO. Very; otherwise, I should—but come along, girls.

COUNT. Yet, Cherubino says that it was he who jumped on the flowers.

FIGARO. Cherubino? Confound the little fool. Well, if he says so, I can't contradict him.

COUNT. What! both of you jumped out of the window?

FIGARO. Why not? Where one sheep jumps, the flock will follow. But what matter who jumped, since no one is hurt? Girls, will you come or not?

[*Exeunt.*]

COUNT. O ye traitors!

COUNTESS. My blood is frozen!

COUNT. My Countess—

COUNTESS. Pray you, be silent; here comes the merry wedding; receive them with due grace, But most supremely that beneath your protection,— Be seated.

COUNT. I'm seated, (*aside,*) to plan my satisfaction.

[Enter CHORUS.]

CHORUS. Let beauty, in duty,
Smile love on thy name;
Men's voices rejoice as
They honor the same;
For thy noble power
Protects in its bower,
That heaven-born flow'r,
A pure maiden's fame.

COUNT. My friends, away now, and be ye all this evening
With disposition apt for the nuptials;
In a splendor unequalled, I will it should be
Magnificently brilliant, with singing, with fire-works,
And a supper! and a ball, too! my aim will prove them
Ever nearest to my heart—how much I love them..

CHORUS. Let beauty, &c.

SCENE SECOND.

The Garden of the Castle.

[Enter BARBARINA, looking for something on the ground.]

BARBARINA. How shall I find it? 'Tis impossible, and what will the Count and Susanna say?

[Enter FIGARO.]

FIGARO. Barbarina, what seek you?

BARBARINA. Oh, cousin, I have lost it.

FIGARO. Lost what?

BARBARINA. A pin which his lordship bade me give to Susanna.

FIGARO. To Susanna. Why, you little intriguant, that very pin was employed to fasten a letter. You see I know as much as you do.

BARBARINA. Why did you ask, then?

FIGARO. Only to find out how his lordship had worded his commission.

BARBARINA. Oh, he only said, "Here, my little girl,

take this pin to your cousin Susanna, and tell her it is the seal of the lindens." "To be sure," he added, "Don't let any one see you."

FIGARO. Ah, well, my dear, fortunately no one has seen you, for, of course, I count for nobody.

[Exit BARBARINA.]

FIGARO. It is too bad. I can't stand it. However, I know the place of appointment. [Going.]

[MARCELLINA enters.]

MARCELLINA. Whither are you going?

FIGARO. To vindicate the outraged honor of a husband. [Exit.]

MARCELLINA. I must warn Susanna;—I am sure she is innocent; and in any case women should stick by each other, and make common cause against those monsters of men. [Exit.]

SCENE THIRD.

Another part of the Garden.

[Enter BARBARINA, carrying a small basket of refreshments.]

BARBARINA. In the left hand pavilion he said. Ah! here it is, and after all if he should not come. Think of those stingy servants—to refuse me an orange or even a biscuit, but I stole them; they cost two little kisses. Well, what matters, there's one at least, will give them back, and soon, too.

[Enter FIGARO.]

FIGARO. All is prepared; the night is dark and favorable. Oh, Susanna! Susanna! how could you behave so to me? some one approaches: now comes the decisive moment. [Retires.]

[Enter SUSANNA dressed as the COUNTESS, and COUNTESS dressed as SUSANNA.]

SUSANNA. Now, Madam, here we are; you told me Figaro would be here.

COUNTESS. Hush! he is here; speak softly!

SUSANNA. Oh! oh! the one has come, and the other will soon be here. The Count comes to meet me, and Figaro comes to listen. Well, they will both be deceived, for my lady disguised as myself will be here instead. The darkness will help the deception, and, if any one can possibly mistake us one for the other, being so different, a rare phenomenon will be seen—that of a husband making love to his own wife; so now to commence our plot. [Retires.]

[MARCELLINA, who has entered during above.]

MARCELLINA. And I'll hide me here and listen.

[Enters Pavilion. SUSANNA and COUNTESS come down stage.]

SUSANNA. Madam, how you tremble! Are you cold?

COUNTESS. 'Tis nothing; the gentle tears of evening weep for my trials. [Goes up stage.]

[FIGARO listening.]

FIGARO. Now the crisis approaches. [Goes back.]

SUSANNA. If you will allow me, I will take the air beneath the shade of these Linden trees.

SUSANNA'S SONG.

Oh, an ecstasy purer
Than spirit of Heaven
Unto my heart is given.
Divinest moment, when the soul may utter
Holiest dreams that through our being flutter!
When all creation feels the charm of loving,
Heaven in myriad starry smiles approving.
The moonbeam on the brook in love is playing;
Here the linden to zephyr's call obeying;
The nightingale with all her tuneful power,
Wraps in melody every sleeping flower.
Come to my bosom,—there love for thee reposes;
My lips with kisses shall emblem all its roses.

FIGARO. Traitor, how deeply dost thou seek to deceive me!

Am I awake or dreaming?

[Enter CHERUBINO, in officer's dress.]

CHERUBINO. La, La, La, La, La, La, Larea.
COUNTESS. 'Tis Cherubino.

CHERUBINO. Was that a footstep? But now I must meet Barbarina. Methinks I spy a woman.

COUNTESS. Am I discovered?

CHERUBINO. Most surely; by that same feather—'tis Susanna: to her will I direct me.

COUNTESS. If my husband approach, Heaven protect me!

CHERUBINO, (Who draws near COUNTESS, and takes her hand tenderly, mistaking her for SUSANNA.)
On thy hand one kiss impressing,
Suffer me to take my due.

COUNTESS, (aside.)
And the Count this way is pressing,
Some disclosures must ensue.

CHERUBINO. Dear Susanna! [Receives no answer.]
Affectation—
Of the beau in expectation
I can surely stand in lieu.

COUNTESS. Naughty fellow, seek your pillow,
That were best for such as you.

CHERUBINO. Sly hussy, darling hussy,
To your purpose I've a clue.

[Enter SUSANNA, FIGARO, COUNT.]

COUNT, (entering softly through the gate, perceiving COUNTESS.)
'Tis my peerless love, Susanna.

FIGARO. He with whom we must dissemble!

SUSANNA. He with whom we must dissemble!

CHERUBINO (to COUNTESS.)

Be less formal in your manner.

SUSANNA, COUNT AND FIGARO.
Still with doubt my heart doth tremble.
Lo another at her side.

COUNTESS. Hence! or I will call assistance.

CHERUBINO. Then to prove thee how vain resistance. [Kisses her.]

SUSANNA, COUNT AND FIGARO.
Surely Cherubino spoke then!

COUNTESS. How a kiss you dared to take then?

CHERUBINO. Just to show that I most willing
With the Count his spoils divide.

[Kisses her again.]

SUSANNA, COUNTESS AND FIGARO.

Little villain—

CHERUBINO. Oh, no such warning you gave this morning,
When behind the chair I hid.

SUSANNA, COUNT, COUNTESS AND FIGARO.

Now this boy in useless toying,

Lays my project quite aside—

CHERUBINO. Take another!

[Tries to kiss her again, when the COUNT steps between them and receives the kiss.]

CHERUBINO, (drawing back.)

O heaven! his lordship!

FIGARO, (drawing close to the COUNT.)

Let me see what may betide.

[COUNT gives FIGARO, who is standing in CHERUBINO'S place, a box on the ear intended for the latter.]

COUNT. Take you that, my gallant swordship.
Then again your lord deride—

FIGARO. I my person to detection
Jeopardized in that I pride.

SUSANNA, COUNT AND COUNTESS. Ah, he won then a just correction
Who on impudence relied.

[CHERUBINO runs into pavilion. All retire except COUNT and COUNTESS.]

COUNT, (mistaking COUNTESS for SUSANNA.) Ah, my charmer, let me seize this opportunity to declare my devouring passion!

COUNTESS. Oh, my lord!

FIGARO. Here's a situation for a man about to be married!

COUNT. Let me imprint one kiss on that lovely hand!

COUNTESS. 'Tis there, sir.

FIGARO. She gives him my hand; I mean her hand!

COUNT. And with this kiss let me add this jewel—a ring—in addition to my lady's gift. [Gives ring.

COUNTESS. Oh, my lord, I see the flickering of torches, some one comes!

COUNT. Then let us hide within this pavilion!

FIGARO. Oh, ye wretched fools called husbands!

[COUNT and COUNTESS go toward pavilion.

SUSANNA. The fox is trapped at last.

FIGARO, (coming down.) I'll expose her perfidy to the world!

[COUNT, after passing COUNTESS into pavilion, comes down, meeting FIGARO, who passes.]

FIGARO. Some one passes. [Gruffly.

COUNTESS, (from pavilion.) 'Tis Figaro! away! away!

COUNT. Quiek! go into that pavilion till I return!

[Exit. SUSANNA comes from hiding-place.

SUSANNA, (in feigned voice.) Is that you, Figaro? hush! be very quiet!

FIGARO. My Lady Countess, your arrival is most opportune, for I have discovered that my wife and your husband are in league together, and (loudly) I'll tell all the world.

SUSANNA, (forgetting, and speaking in her own voice.) Pray, speak lower.

FIGARO. Oh, oh! it's you my gentle Susanna, is it? This fox would hoax me, then. I'll hoax a little myself. (Falls on his knees.) Loveliest of your sex!

SUSANNA. Oh, the villain! how my fingers itch!

FIGARO. In mercy, speak! I freeze! I burn! Oh, let me but hold that hand—that soft, white, delicate hand!

SUSANNA. My hand you wish?

FIGARO. I do! I do!

SUSANNA. Then, take it wretch!

[Beats him around stage.

FIGARO. Stop! stop! I knew you all the time, and thought to pay you off for your flirtations with the Count.

SUSANNA. It was all a joke, dear Figaro: you shall be amply satisfied.

FIGARO. Gently, my more than existence,
For I recognized you in yon distance,
By the silvery tone when yon spoke.

SUSANNA. By my voiee, then?

FIGARO AND SUSANNA. Pardon, my generous treasure,
Pardon this joke.

COUNT, (returning through the trees.) I have sought her in vain through the thicket.

SUSANNA AND FIGARO. 'Twas his lordship, then, passed by the wicket.

COUNT. Eh, Susanna! where are you? Oh speak, then!

SUSANNA, (to FIGARO, aside.) He's ignorant yet of the trick, then.

FIGARO. What?

SUSANNA. My lady! (Pointing to right hand pavilion.)

FIGARO. My lady? SUSANNA. My lady!

SUSANNA AND FIGARO. Let us with an impromptu love-making,
His bewilderment further provoke.

FIGARO, (aloud, falling on his knees to SUSANNA.) See, madam! By Olympus, I love thee!

COUNT, (aside.) 'Tis my consort. At last will I prove thee.

FIGARO. See me here, madam, at your feet.

SUSANNA. See how well he can act with deceit.

COUNT, (aside.) Oh, thou traitress!—thou traitor!

SUSANNA AND FIGARO, (aside.) Let us taste a delight, so much greater
When untrammeled we slip from the yoke.

[Running away.

[COUNT, seizing FIGARO by the mantle, while SUSANNA runs into the pavilion in which BARBARINA, MARCELLINA, &c., are concealed.]

FINALE.

COUNT. Ho, my vassals, flock around me.

[Enter BARTOLO, CURZIO, ANTONIO, BASILIO and Attendants.]

FIGARO. So, you've found me.

COUNT. All some fresh assistance run for.

BASILIO, BARTOLO AND ANTONIO. What has happened? What has happened?

FIGARO. I am done for.

COUNT. This base seducer stands my honor's
Worst tradueer—why, with whom, some go and see.

BASILIO, ANTONIO AND FIGARO. All confounded, all astounded,

What may now the matter be?

FIGARO. All confounded, all astounded,
What delieious fun for me.

[Enter BARBARINA, MARCELLINA, and SUSANNA, from pavilion.]

COUNT, (drags CHERUBINO out.) Conviction defeats ye, the judgment is ready,
The premium awaits ye for your honest act.

The page, then!
ANTONIO. My daughter!
FIGARO. My mother!
BASILIO. My lady!

COUNT, dragging SUSANNA down.)

Behold the deceiver, entrapped in the fact.

SUSANNA. Forgive her! forgive her!

COUNT. 'Twere vain to expect it.

FIGARO. Forgive her aggressions.

COUNT. The thought, I reject it.

SUSANNA, CHERUBINO AND FIGARO.

Forgive her! forgive her!

[Enter the COUNTESS from pavilion.]

COUNTESS, (kneeling.)

At my poor intercession, you'll grant it, I know.

BASILIO. Great powers! this vision hath banished delusion.

To fortune we bow.

ALL. Great powers! this vision hath banished delusion.

To fortune we bow.

COUNT. Blest angel, forgive me, forgive me, forgive me!

If you will believe me, I answer with yes,

I answer with yes.

SUSANNA AND COUNTESS.

Oh, more than contented, we revel in bliss.

ALL. Oh, more than contented, we revel in bliss.

SUSANNA AND BARBARINA.

Joyfully a day has ended,

Which, though born in clouds and sorrow,

Still in sunset shows a morrow

Bright with unexampled love.

SUSANNA AND BARBARINA.

Spouses and lovers to dancing, to singing.

COUNT AND COUNTESS.

All your powers, all your mirthful powers bringing.

ALL. Spouses and lovers, to dancing to singing,

All your powers, all your mirthful powers bringing.

SUSANNA AND BARTOLO.

Let our festive voices, ringing,

Echo gaily thro' the grove.

ALL. Let our festive voices, ringing,

Echo gaily thro' the grove.

END OF THE OPERA.





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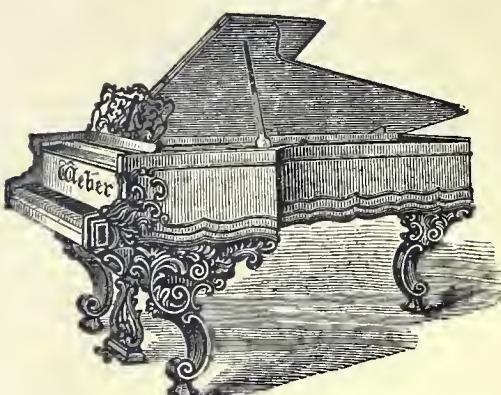
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